

# CROSBY POST

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FEBRUARY 1961

INSIDE!  
FEATURE STORY  
BY BOB CROSBY  
"OUR MOM -  
KATE CROSBY"



GA. WESTROPE

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH CROSBY SOCIETY.



## THE BRITISH CROSBY SOCIETY +

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Mr George O' Reilly +

The British Crosby Society was formed in March 1950 with the permission of our Hon' President, Harry Lillis (BING) Crosby and is associated with the American Club Crosby.

Crosby Post is published bi-monthly by the Society at 15, Grosvenor Gdns, High Howdon, Northumberland.

Members views, poems, articles, adverts etc are always welcome for publication and we would mention that adverts for Auction Mart are especially welcome.

Members are requested to always enclose a S.A.E. when writing to the Club Officers.

An X here: : signifies that your renewal is now due; To continue your membership in the Society, send a 7/6 uncrossed Postal Order to Frank Murphy within 14 days of receipt of this issue.

No further reminders can be sent.

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### BITS AND PIECES

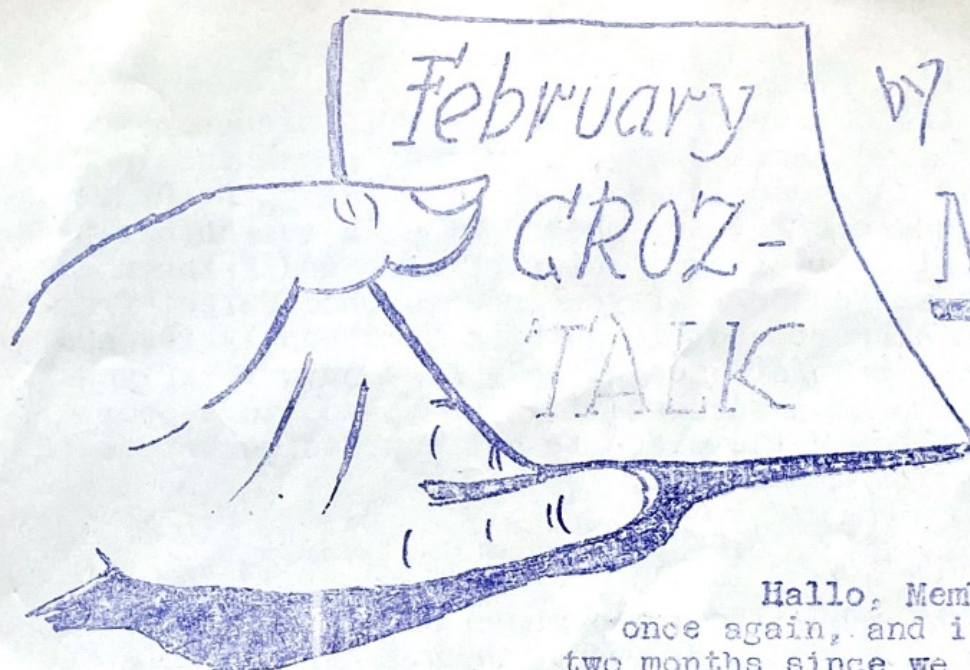
Stan White, 61, Stanley Str, Rothwell, Northants, has re-commenced that great project, TAPE CROSBY and any genuine collectors interested in joining in on this fascinating hobby should get in touch with Stan at the above address.

New Zealand member, 15 year old Bill Frith sent us the exciting news that Bing and Satchmo's recording of MUSCRAT RAMBLE is now in the Auckland Top 20; - Good reporting Bill!!!

How's this for a birthday present - On his birthday on Feb 10th our good friend Les Gaylor had a great letter printed in Record Mirror, a great article in Daily Mirror and to top the lot a parcel of two L.P. records from Bing himself, of IOI GANG SONG  
What a treat Les.

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by Frank  
MURPHY

Hallo, Members! Crosby Post time once again, and it does'nt seem like two months since we last got together to share our enjoyable hobby "Crosbyana".

With this issue, we welcome to the ranks of our Honorary Members Mr George O'Reilly, who is one of Bing's personal friends in Ireland.

On the morning of September 1st 1960 when Jack and I talked with Bing in the foyer of Claridges Hotel in London, George was also there; in fact I feel sure that George was the one who came over to Bing as he sat talking to us and asked him to give the DISC reporter an interview. To which Bing replied "Sure". When Bing had wished both Jack and I goodbye, the DISC reporter got his interview - luck fellow! We'll all be looking forward to meeting George in London later this year.

#### GOLF TOURNAMENT LICENCE PLATES.

As I write these few lines on January 20th, the bids for these super souvenirs stand at £12 - 12 - 0 from Bob Roberts for the first one, and £10 from Frank Grant for the second, and I await the clearance letter from Jack before I dispatch the plates to Bob and Frank.

Yesterday, I air-mailed a letter to Larry telling him of the wonderful response to this unique offer and the whole of this sum will be used to develop the Membership of the Club.

About here, I would like to say how pleased I was to receive so many letters commenting on the last Post. Seems you all felt this was our best yet issue, and a vote of "thanks" goes to Cecil for his fine editing which brightened up the proceedings a lot, and I specially enjoyed the many extra sketches Cecil conjured up.

With this issue, Tony is back to the job, and I must say it is wonderful to have so much help these days with the Club. Jack is now looking after all advert replies and is a constant source of help to me with his ever "newsy" letters which arrive at such regular and welcome intervals.

Repeated in this issue is the list of photos which didn't meet with the response I had hoped for - I hope that you will all take



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advantage of this chance to build up a collection of these private and exclusive photo offers. Many of these photos come direct from negatives supplied by the Crosby office, and this is a chance you should take advantage of - I have a huge supply of negatives in hand, but I dare not order in the quantities we have to, to gain the reduction which enables us to offer the photos at such reasonable prices.

For example, the set of 11 large photos of Bing and Kathryn at London Airport would cost you 33/- if you ordered them direct from Brenards Press, London Airport, but I bought a bulk supply in, and we are able to offer the complete set at only £1 - anyway, if you want the photo section to be a success, it's up to you to support it, I don't mind writing all over the place to get concession prices if you will take advantage of my efforts.

### L. P. Discography.

I would also like to thank the two members who wrote in for the supplement as advertised in the last issue. When I think of all the work I involved those two leading collectors Les Gaylor and Stan White, I feel this project is worthy of a much more worthwhile response.

You can order from me at 2/- for the 2nd part, or 4/- for the complete edition. Remember the booklets contain full information on every issued Bing Crosby L.P. and E.P. in this country to date.

Long-time member of the Club Jean Gosling, is now Mrs Jean Elms, and I want to send all our good wishes to you and your husband, Jean, for Many Happy Years together!

Kathleen Golder has started a very worthwhile project in the Club badge, you can read Kathleens letter in the Members Section.

### POPULAR HI FI..January issue.

As our good friend Stan White promised, the above magazine carried a super article on Bing, in fact four pages of great material. Stan is to be congratulated on a fine piece of Bing material, for this article is so enjoyable that I feel it's the best one I've read for many a year, as well as some great information ( muc of which was news to me ) there are also some great photos of Bing and there's even one of me which gives the Club a great boost. If you have'nt got a copy you can obtain one for 2/- from Vernon Holding & Partners, 43/44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Hope you've all had an opportunity to see "HIGH TIME" which is now on release, I thoroughly enjoyed this Fox movie, and my only regret was that Bing sang only one song. There's no news at present that Bing will be doing a movie over here this year, but let's hope he does come as psomised and that we can have that special club meeting we talked about last time. Well, that's it once more, so over to Post, I'd like to say first though, that I do look forward to hearing from everyone of you, and even though it might only be a few lines, send your comments to me - if you'd like a personal reply, please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, and I'll be only too happy to write you a few lines in reply.

Kindest Regards Always,

*Frank*



# Our Mom,

by BOB CROSBY

## Kate Crosby

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A few weeks ago my brother Ted, going through some old papers, found one of the notes our mother used to leave for us on the kitchen table. It read: "Catherine will peel the potatoes-Mary Rose dust the dining room-Ted scrub the kitchen floor-Harry fill the woodbox. If that woodbox isn't full, you'll hear from me, Harry." To me that note brought back vividly the sound of a voice at the back door of the old house in Spokane: "Bob, come here!" Ma called only once, and since she kept her stick handy, we came. No nonsense about its hurting her worse than it did us! Ma was as strong in her convictions as she was in will and muscle.

Today at eighty-seven or eighty eight-we're not sure which-mother is as much the matriarch, the force that holds us all together, as she was when that note was written, some forty years ago. Behind the soft-spoken gentlewoman that she is today, we can all still see the slim, beautiful, blue-eyed young Irish housewife who made us toe the mark. When she calls, we still come.

Of the brood of seven that Kate Crosby reared, with all too little help from our wonderful, lovable but sometimes irresponsible father, Larry came first- then Everett, Edward (Ted), Harry (Bing), Catherine Mary Rose and myself. Dad, for whom Bing was named, was a bookkeeper for a produce house. He never made much money, never knew the value of a dollar and loved life and people too much to care.

"Nothing's too good for Kate!" said dad. His paydays were a sort of game with us. We never knew what he'd bring home - a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner, a huge radio with coloured lights and fancy knobs and all that good stuff. Ma never complained, never hurt his feelings. Well, the look in her eye seemed to say "Here we go again!" We never could afford it, and at the end of the "trial period" the dealer always got it back.

Ma believed a man should be head of the family and she saw to it that dad was. Yet she was forced to do all the managing, and whatever ma had to do, she could do. She was born Catherine Harrigan, one of two girls and four boys, in Stillwater, Minnesota. Among my earliest memories are her stories of how her grandmother stood off the Indians with a musket. These tales, told while she baked bread or mended shirts or knit sweaters, for someone, were never just idle reminiscences. She told them to all of us to help prepare us for life.

"Whatever you have to do, you can do!" was the way they always ended.

Ma proved this at my birth, which occurred (as best we can estimate it) in her fortieth year. Ma's dearest friend was Maggie Nesbitt who told fortunes and read horoscopes. Some of Maggie's predictions became eerie legends in the Irish community in which we lived. But since ma and Maggie were both devout Catholics, they emphasized that it was all in fun. "It's just ignorant superstition," ma said, "and don't you kids ever forget it!"



When her pains started, ma sent first for Maggie, then for the doctor. The doctor took one look and began preparing for a quick birth. "Don't bother!" said ma. "The signs are bad. I'll not be having the baby until tomorrow."

"That," said the doctor, "is what you think. The child will be born in two hours!"

How she did it, or how much it hurt, we'll never know. But I wasn't born until sixteen hours later, when the signs had improved.

We were all born at home. We couldn't afford hospitals, nor could ma relax her grip on the household. As soon as a child was big enough he was assigned his chores. Usually his first duty was taking care of the next baby. By the time I was born, the girls could help with the housework, so Bing, who had taken care of them, now became my baby sitter. Ma tells the story of when Bing was first brought in to see the new baby. "What is it, ma?" he snapped. "A boy, Harry," said ma, who to this day has never called him Bing. "It better be!" Bing said ominously. He was fed up with taking care of sisters. He went out without even looking at me. Maggie Nesbitt would have predicted that he'd pay for this by having to wait through five sons of his own, before getting a daughter.

Bing was not the only one from our neighborhood to become famous. Nildred Bailey, Eric Johnston and Patrice Munsel also came from our part of Spokane. I can think of as many who went to the penitentiary.

Ma didn't try to keep us from running with the tough kids, but we were expected to bring our friends home and we had to be home by dark, so we never got too thick with the riffraff. When Harry and Everett started to college, they were allowed to stay out until midnight on certain days, but at the stroke of twelve, all doors were locked.

One night Everett didn't quite make it. It was about five after twelve when he tossed a handful of gravel at the folk's upstairs window. "Go sleep in the Williams's tent!" ma said, and slammed down the window. Harry Williams, who lived down the street, was a pal of Everett. For some reasons there was always a tent in their yard all summer. That's where Everett spent that night.

Ma had to be strict. For over thirty years she had growing boys on her hands, and the entire neighbourhood depended on her as we did, and used her as I'm afraid we used her. In time of trouble it was Kate Crosby that people called first. One of her relatives was a nurse and from her ma learned all she could about the care of the sick. During the influenza epidemic of World War I, when Larry and Everett were in the service and all the rest of us were sick in bed, the doctor called only once.

The poor over-worked man took our temperature, felt of our pulses and put on his hat. "I'm wasting my time here, Mrs Crosby," he said, "You're doing everything for them that I could do." And at the same time ma was doing it for half a dozen other households that had sick people.

I was about for when one night a call came from a house where there had been a sudden death. I don't know why ma took me along, because I was too small to help. All I remember is hearing a commotion at the front door. Someone was weeping bitterly. Then ma came running up the stairs. "Bob, get dressed at once!" she said.

Ma had a slim figure, but a strong one, and she didn't know how to walk slowly. She pulled me along in the dark for several blocks. When we got there, the house was full of people paralyzed by shock and grief.



The priest had been called, but we got there first. A woman threw herself into ma's arms, screaming, "Kate, oh, Kate!". Ma patted her back and said, "There now, he was a good man. But he's gone now, and here's what you must do...."

She called the family doctor, who would have to sign the death certificate, and the undertaker. When I dozed off in the chair, she was on the phone again, saying, "You roast a chicken and see if those cousins will bake some beans. I'll bring fresh bread in the morning...I have to bake anyway." When she woke me up to go home, people were already bringing food for the next day. When I got up in the morning, I could smell her bread baking in the oven.

Looking back, it seems to me that ma just went from one emergency to another, but I don't think she ever fainted in her life, and it's hard to remember tears in her eyes. That's why people turned first to her. Kate Crosby could be firm without giving pain, and her mind seemed to leap from a problem to its solution without being overwhelmed by emotion. She knew what had to be done and did it, and in her busy helpfulness people found the greatest comfort of all.

When I was about six I went through a phase where I absolutely revered brother Ted, who was then the oldest one still at home. Ted loved to hunt, and I dreamed one day when I'd be big enough to go with him. I hung around the sidewalk when he was out on a hunt, waiting for him to come home with his game. I went to his room with him while he changed clothes, cleaned his guns and put them away. Besides a rifle or shotgun, he carried a .45 pistol. He always unloaded the guns before coming back to town and, as he changed, he let me handle them to teach my respect for firearms.

One day he forgot and left a cartridge in the .45. I had been told never to pull the trigger, but this time I did. Twice nothing happened. The third time, the gun went off with a roar. Ted was straightening up after untying his shoes, and the bullet hit the window less than a foot from his head. He stared at me with a look I'll never forget. I was too terrified even to put the gun down.

Downstairs ma heard the shot and my scream...and then only silence. Up the stairs she came at a run. She flashed through the door just as Ted came out of his daze and reached for the gun. And gaving kids of my own now, I can imagine the terror she felt, and then her graitude. But none of it showed on her white face. "What are you going to do now Ted?" was all she said.

"I think," said Ted, "That I'll take him over to the church and say a few prayers." Ma turned and went out. She knew that we had both learned a lesson.

But she was not always so easily put off. We were all warned never to swim in McGoldrick's millpond on the river. The water was deep and cold and usually full of saw logs. Nevertheless, several generations of boys swam there, stark naked, playing on the logs, sunbathing on sand bars and hitting the water when the passenger trains passed. One day Ted and Bing went in and stayed too long. They got gloriously sunburned and were so sick that they went to bed immediately after dinner. This was so unlike them that ma went up to see what was the matter.

Ted and Bing slept together. "We got a little sunburned, ma, playing in the sprinklers on Buck William's lawn" they said rather piteously. Ma snatched off the covers, and there they lay, ruby-red all over...including the parts that their trunks would have covered had they been palying on somebody's lawn. "Ha!" mas said, and went out. After their sunburns healed Ted and Bing caught it good...



partly for swimming in the millpond, partly for lying and partly, I think, for just having the gall to think they could fool her.

I was always a strong brat, and Bing's way of caring for me was to take me with him and teach me to do whatever he did. This included swimming in the millpond. One day when I was about eight or nine, a cord of wood was delivered to the house. I was told to split it and stack it in the basement. Instead I sneaked off and tagged after Bing to McGoldrick's millpond.

I was a good swimmer for my age, but that day I came up from a dive hit a sawlog with my head, knocked myself cold, and would have drowned had not Bing fished me out. I forget how ma heard about it or how she punished Bing. But I'll never forget how she handled me. She had threatened once or twice to put me on a leash if I ran away again. This time she did, tying the leash to the clothesline, as I could move around, but not to play. The clothesline gave me just room enough to stack the wood in the basement. Bing was about fifteen when a city pool opened in our neighbourhood, with a big swimming meet. Bing had become an expert swimmer, but it wasn't something he could admit at home. When ma said she wanted him to enter, all Bing could say was, "Aw, ma, I can't swim well enough." Ma said "Then you will practice!" She relieved him of his household duties and at least once led him by the ear to the pool for practice. The older Crosby boys complained of favoritism, but Bing won seven medals.

Complaints of favoritism never bothered ma. Ted was a boy when "wireless" came in. He and a pal built sets, learned the morse code, and sent each other messages across town. So long as he'd practice code Ted didn't have to scrub floors or wash dishes. When Larry and Everett complained, ma said "What are you two doing with your time?" Learn something useful, and I'll give you all the time you want to work at it".

Our whole family loved sports, but Larry Everett and Ted had so many jobs around the house that they couldn't go out for sports as intensively as Bing and I. Even today they refer to us, scathingly, as "these two athletes." Bing was a natural ball player, perfectly coordinated, fast on his feet, and with a cocky, aggressive personality, that I think would have carried him far in the professional game.

I learned the catcher's position when I was about seven, thanks to Bing. He had to take care of me, and I guess he thought he might as well get some use out of me. At first I retrieved lost balls, but when nobody else would play catcher, Bing volunteered me. I knew better than to cry. Ma would have walloped him, but I never threatened to tell, and she would have whacked me one or two for being a ninny..

I took my lumps until I became a pretty fair catcher, and although I'm sure ma knew what was going on, she never said a word. Later I made an American Legion team. Once I took a foul tip squarely in the mouth.

It stunned me and knocked out four front teeth, and I was taken home bleeding like a stuck pig. Ma asked no questions, blamed no one. We were on a streetcar headed for the dentist's office in three minutes flat. The next day I was back behind the plate again. That was the way ma reared us.

With so many of us, with money so scarce and work so plentiful, there was bound to be friction. That was alright with ma, who didn't expect normal boys to grow up without a few fights. But woe betide the kid who complained to an outsider. "It's a dirty bird that fouls it's own nest." she said. Her sense of dignity was tremendous. It was the dignity of the poor, summed up best in the word "decency." So long as the Crosbys were decent people, we could hold our heads up anywhere.



Once, I remember, dad went to a ball game and stopped in for a drink with "the boys" afterwards. Dad wasn't a hard drinker, but one of ma's brothers had what was called a "A problem." Dad didn't get home until late that night, feeling no pain. As he walked in, ma walked out with her hat on, and she didn't get back until daylight.

Where she spent the night, I still don't know...probably drinking tea with Maggie Nesbitt. I was pretty small, and it impressed me terribly. Larry, Everett and Ted say it used to happen about once a year, when they were small.

When the older boys were in school, they had to work at part-time jobs to help pay the bills. They brought their money home to ma, who gave them what she thought they needed. I remember Ted's complaining that he still had to wear knickers, when all the boys in his class had long pants. "If you're man enough to wear pants," said ma, "you're man enough to earn them." That's the way we all got our long pants.

Family finances had improved by the time I had come along, but we still shared the household work and we still ate plain, simple food.. and what's more, liked it. Once I made the mistake of muttering, "Aw, cabbage again?" I had cabbage for breakfast, lunch and dinner for a whole week. "Had enough cabbage for a while?" ma said then. "Well, I guess so, ma" I said, "but say, I sure do like it!"

She was strict, but when my brothers and sisters and I got to talking over old times, what we remember is not ma's strictness, but the sound of her voice singing. We had a piano, and dad played mandolin and guitar. We all brought our friends home...where else could we take them? Ma cooked us huge dinners of mulligan stew, hot bread puddings...and by the way, her bread pudding is still Bing's favourite dessert. After the table was cleared, she joined in the singing with us.

Dad was a patsy for music. One payday he came home with a photograph the old, hand-wound kind, and a stack of records. On his face as he came in was that nothing's-too-good-for-my-wife look; on ma's, that here-we-go-again expression. But this time dad meant to have his way. Ma somehow kept the payments up, and the phonograph stayed. From it Bing acquired that sure sense of timing and that confident, old-pro ease of delivery that he had even before he left home.

When the time came for us to go, ma not only didn't hold us back.. she gave us a shove. In World War I there was no talk about how Larry and Everett might escape the draft. "You get in there and do you duty" said ma. Even Ted got in for a while, although he was pretty young.

When World War II came along, I was the only one of draft age, and I had a growing family and some back income taxes to pay off. I talked it over with mother, as we now call her. "I don't kid myself that I'll be much help in winning this war," I said, "because I'll get morale duty of some kind, that's all. But it seems to me there ought to be a Crosby in this deal somewhere." Ma nodded serenely.

"Whatever they give you to do, that's your duty," she said, "and if you don't go, you'll always regret it. Your family will make out!"

I spent almost two years in the Marine Corps, all but two weeks of it in a doctor's office. Uncle Sam waited for his taxes because there was nothing else he could do; and when I came back ma said "Harry says he heard that did a fine job out there. I knew you would!" I wouldn't have traded that for a trunkful of medals.

Ma had a bottomless teapot where she saved her household money, and as each of us left home she presented us with a stake. When Bing left, it was to be just a summer job, to earn money to continue his law course at Gonzaga University.



He and Al Rinker, Wilfred Bailey's brother, a neighbour kid, had brought an old Ford to drive to Seattle, where they hoped to get jobs in a ship's orchestra. Bing had played drums around Spokane for a couple of years, and once ma heard he was playing in a club that had had a bad reputation. One night, while the band was in the middle of a number, ma walked in. She had Bing by the ear before he realised she was there. "Out!" she said, and Bing grabbed his drums and left. So he had a right to expect trouble when he got ready to go to Seattle, but ma not only kissed him good-bye...she had eight dollars for him from her teapot. The job didn't materialise, the boys went broke and Bing had to sell his drums to get to Los Angeles. The next thing we knew, he and Al had teamed up with Harry Barris to form the Rhythm Boys, and were working for Paul Whiteman. I already had a job when I left, singing with Ansons Weeks for a fantastic seventy-five dollars a week. He didn't know whether I could sing or not, but by then Bing was the hottest thing in show business, and I was his brother. The day I left, ma reached into her teapot for a ten-dollar bill. Dad's present was a budget that he had worked out for me in his neat bookkeeper's hand... so much for food, so much for transportation, hotels, clothes, and even shoeshines. A few weeks later he wrote me, saying, "It's not the same with all of you gone. Your mother won't even let me keep a bottle in the kitchen. I have to hide it in the garage." A few days later came one from ma: "I think your father has lost his mind in this empty house. He drives in and out of the garage eight or ten times a day." This was her way of letting me know that she knew he was taking a nip now and then, and that she had everything under control.

For the first time in their lives they had no kinds to worry about, no money problems. When dad retired, Bing bought them a house in the San Fernando Valley, and he'd have found friends someway, and something to interest him. But I realise now that it was lonely for ma for a while. She didn't know how to slow down. Then she discovered horse racing. At first she just made "think bets" but life had always been pretty real for Kate Crosby, and pretending wasn't enough. She bought all the tip sheets, studied forms and records, and could get more mileage out of a two-dollar bet than anyone I have ever seen. She had to have some kind of challenge, and I'll say this for her, she picked a dandy.

I stayed with them whenever I was on the Coast. I was betting the ponies myself then, and two-dollar bets, either. One day I got a tip on a long shot and phoned a hundred dollar bet to my bookie. One of his clerks took it, so I didn't get to talk to him. The horse came in, and at the bookie's odds of fifteen to one. I had 1500 dollars coming in. Imagine how I felt when he came around and handed me seventy-five dollars. "Sorry, kid," he said, "But your mother says five bucks is your limit...and what she says goes!"

After dad died, ma insisted on keeping the house. She objected when Bing wanted to hire a driver for her. She went over to Eagle Rock every week to play bridge with some friends her own age... "the girls" she calls them. She still plays with them today, by the way. She was afraid "The girls" would think she was putting on airs. It took Bing, Larry, Everett, Catherine and myself to persuade her that a hired driver was not an unbecoming affectation.

Less than a year later, Dixie, Bing's first wife, died, and Bing asked ma to live with him. At first she wouldn't even discuss it. She finally agreed only when Bing pleaded that he needed her help with his four growing boys, but even then she wouldn't sell her furniture.



"They'll grow up someday, and I'll want my own home again," she said. When Bing married Kathryn Grant, mother immediately started apartment hunting. "No house is big enough for a bride and a mother-in-law," she declared, flatly.

That's where my new sister-in-law proved herself a real solid citizen as far as I'm concerned. Kathryn appealed for mother's help in understanding not only her new husband but the whole Crosby tribe. "She says she needs me!" mother said to me skeptically a few days before the wedding. In my own mind, I'm sure that mother stayed only because she didn't want Kathryn blamed for her leaving. When Bing and Kathryn's son was born, mother again got ready to leave. They asked her to stay on and help with the baby. About the time mother again started talking about a home of her own, Kathryn had a girl. I went over to see her recently, and she was telling me about Bing's two babies.

"Isn't it wonderful that I've had all this experience with babies?" she said, with that wise, quizzical smile of hers. "Now I can really feel wanted!"

There were two nurses in the house, and everything money could buy to make babies safe, well and happy. Nobody was kidding Kate Crosby!

But is it made us any happier for her to pretend she was needed... well, she'd go along with the gag. When I told Kathryn about this, she threw up her hands in despair. "I don't care how many nurses and doctors are here," she said, "when I have to be away from home, my last waking thought at night is, WELL? EVERYTHING WILL BE ALRIGHT...MOTHER'S THERE!"

But mother still has her furniture in storage.

Come to think of it, she's even more remarkable as a mother-in-law than as a mother. Few people know that Dixie left a good part of her money to her mother-in-law. Mother keeps track of her twenty-four grandchildren and twenty-~~eight~~ one great-grandchildren. There always seems to be one needing an operation or college-tuition money. The book-keeping must be a big job, because whenever mother writes a check for one kid, she methodically sends one to all of the others too.

We've had a few divorces, although not many, considering how many Crosbys there are. Because of her religion, these have hurt mother.

When I first brought June to meet mother and dad, in the Valley House, we were both scared stiff. I had been married before, and June knew what she was getting into. Yet all mother said to me was, "Bob, I can't live my children's lives for them. Just be sure that this is what you want to do."

A couple of years ago when June and I were having our troubles, I tried to keep it from mother. In the newspapers she learned of our separation and sent for me immediately. As I have said, when mother calls, we come. But she wouldn't let me talk about June.

"Let's hear what June has to say about her side. I won't listen to one side, but if you both want to talk about it, I'll listen." she said. After we were back together again and could talk it over, June and I discovered a strange thing: all the time I had felt that mother was a bit unfair to me...that she had favoured June; and all the time June had felt that she favoured me! The truth, I think, was that she disapproved of both of us and did her best to make us feel ashamed.

By the time I was born, Larry was a grown man and away from home. By the time he got back for a visit, Everett was gone, and then Ted.

At mother's last birthday anniversary we decided it was high time that we all get together with her, for the first time in our lives. I never did get a count on how many of us crowded into Bing's house that day.



There was seven of us, plus in-laws, plus grandchildren and great-grandchildren and THEIR in-laws! But what I remember best about that party is the sight of my sisters disposing of their cigarettes before going in to see mother. No, Catherine and Mary Rose are both grandmothers but mother has just learned to approve of woman smoking. Mother knows that they smoke, and they know she knows, but that's the way it is.

Likewise, no one took a drink at mother's party. Mother knows that most of us take a drink now and then. Still, we know how she feels, and in her very narrowness we see an integrity that the world can well use today. You can adapt too easily to changing times. You can be too pliable. It's a good thing, we think, for a few strong people to cling to the old ways.

That was the day we ganged up to make mother tell us her age. This is something she has always felt was just none of our business. I think it's a matter of principle with her to keep at least one small barrier between the generations.

We delegated Bing to do it..after all, he's dad's namesake and could always come closest to twisting mother around his finger, and dad used to. Bing sat down beside her and began a long, innocent conversation about old times. "Let's see, which is this...your eighty-seventh or eighty-eighth birthday, mother?" he said finally. Mother didn't bat an eye. "Well, let's see," she said with frown. "I was three years younger than your father, wasn't I? Or was it four? I was a bit younger than my sister, too, and she...come to think of it, I was always a bit younger than most of the girls my same age!"

We gave up. We still don't know her age. But whatever it is, I'm sure of one thing...Kate Crosby will always be a bit younger than everybody her own age.

THE END

from MALCOLM LOCKYER ORCHESTRAS LTD.

to Ted Laker.

Dear Mr Laker,

Thank you for your letter of 17th October 1960

I must say it was a very great pleasure for me to work with Bing Crosby on the recording session. I found him very easy to work with, his own wonderfully relaxed manner communicating itself to all the rest of us in the studio. I have known few artists get through a recording session with such ease and, at the same time, give such satisfying results.

Unfortunately, I have no information to date about Decca's future plans for this series of recordings.

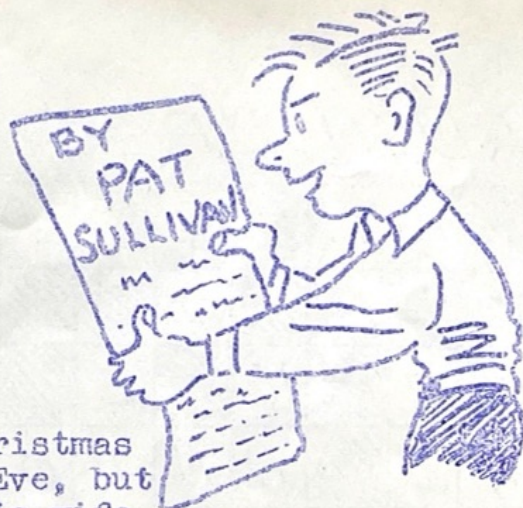
Yours Sincerely,

Malcolm N. Lockyer  
(signed)

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# American Newsletter



Dear Members,

Bing did his annual "Christmas Sing with Bing" radio show on Christmas Eve, but it was not broadcast around the world. His wife Kahryn, and Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrar joined him.

The second week in March is set for Bing's first TV special of 1961. His October show with Rosemary Clooney, Johnny Mercer and the Crosby Brothers was delightful. Here is a review from the "New York Herald Tribune." :-

"Bing Crosbys is a gay old dog and he doesn't have to learn any new tricks on how to entertain an audience. Wednesday evening, the old smoothie staged a delightful hour-long musical show and I guarantee that you're not going to see many programs, this or any other year, that can top it. This was one of those magnificently relaxed imaginative and tuneful hours that flits by like the snap of a finger. It had class, taste and an easy impeccable informality that hid the tremendous behind-the-scenes production effort and many grueling hours of rehearsal.

Crosby had an array of fine, talented people with him, and none was excess baggage. There was a slick singing Rosemary Clooner who has rarely sounded better; a triple treat in the lovely Carol Lawrence, whose singing, dancing and looks, are all out of the top drawer. Crosby was joined by his Sons, Phillip, Dennis and Lindsay, who have developed into a smooth threesome, perfectly capable of standing on their own performing feet. Johnny Mercer was the fourth and final guest, and they all seemed to be having fun, too. Bill Harbach produced and directed last night's show, with Nelson Riddle and the musical director. Danny Daniels was the choreographer, and the art direction was under James Trippito. A deep bow to all."

The Crosby Brothers have their first LP release over here on the MGM label. It's called "Presenting the Crosby Brothers" and features the following selections: Side 1. You must have been a Beautiful Baby-Mine - Limehouse Blues - Wrap your Troubles in Dreams - Joshua - Nam'selle. SIDE 2 - Once in a while - I can't give you anything but Love - The green Grass grows all around - Dinah - Singing in the Rain-Magic in the Moonlight.

Gary is doing a solo night spot act around the country. In fact, he opens here in Milwaukee this week.

Best Wishes to You All.

PAT Sullivan.



# "BRUSH UP YOUR BING"

14

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We regret making three mistakes in the Christmas Issue of the above crossword.

19 Across should read "RECORDED"

1 Down should read "He'll get have coin..." (no "A")

3 Down should be "HELLS" and not "Hallo".

We are sorry about this, Mr Fred Reynolds, and we'll try and do better next time! But it would help if readers who submit these rather important contributions would very kindly PRINT all matter and not use longhand. In anticipation, thanks a lot, folks!!

CAW



# Crosby Chatter

— Les Gaylor —

Well, Members, to those of you who may not yet know, I would like to say how very fruitful my meeting with Bing turned out to be, as this last Christmas, I received two excellent gifts from the Maestro.

First to arrive was a parcel containing 4 12" LP records, autographed on the covers, they were "Join Bing and Sing Along", "Bing and Satchmo", "How the West was Won", the latter a tremendous treasure.

On opening, the nice thick covers 2 LPs are revealed plus a great 24 page booklet, which has many coloured illustrations, and signed in green ink "To Leslie Gaylor, Bing Crosby".

Need I say how pleased I was at receiving these records, this now makes 13 such discs I have signed by Bing. Then a day or so later, there arrived a beautiful package; on opening this was a KEY RING enclosed in a Blue and Gold Box, which was wrapped in lovely green foil and tied by white ribbon. On the back of the key ring is engraved the words "Christmas 1960. Bing". I feel very proud to be the owner of such wonderful gifts from the "Mighty Bing", for me no greater source could they have come from. The records are wonderful productions and made as are all of Bing's "Project Recordings", made to have long, large and lasting sales. The "Bing and Satchmo" LP should do well in Britain, and it is regrettable that LAZY RIVER was deleted from the final LP owing to Louis Armstrong having recorded the song for another company.

The "How the West was Won" lps are classics, all participants doing a grand job and Bing in great voice. He sounds very youthful and no doubt will be recording for a long time yet.

I would like to thank those of you who wrote to offer congratulations upon my receiving these tremendous gifts from the Master, and also my pleasure at the many Christmas cards I received. My apologies to anybody of whom I may have missed out. One member I personally know did not get a card from me. It is only recently that I have just found his address. It was Frank Grant, that great Scottish collector.

I would like to say that I have had some correspondence with EMI over the "Bing and Satchmo" LP giving some Bing facts to the Press Relations Officer. He informed me that the February issue of the "Record Mail" the EMI monthly record group, carries this record as their LP Record of the Month. This shows what they think of it.

Mr Patrick Doncaster, the Disc Reviewer of the Daily Mirror wrote to me saying he'd like to possibly do an article on me meeting Bing to tie in with the next Bing record issue. I was very pleased that he wrote to me about this, and I told him so, also notifying EMI of his proposal. They in turn wrote back saying they were keen to note this, and were sending him a copy of "Bing and Satchmo".

The gen(I had some while ago about the "Don Bingo" LP was "red hot" and greatly appreciated by members and non-members alike. However, the title has now been changed to "EL SENOR BINGO and is handled by MGM. This is a Project Records pressing, the musical backing provided by Billy May's Orchestra.



Bing's 20th Annual Golf Tournament was recently held, and among the top Golf Personalities who played, were comedians, prize fighters the event also being shown on the TV hook-up. Also I see from the Daily Express that all the contestants did well for gifts, they had 8 golf shirts with Bing Crosby crest, 2 pairs of socks, a bottle of whiskey, a travelling Case, shoe bag and a pair pf the best golf shoes on the market.

Finally, I'd like to say that 1961 promises to be a good Bing record year, the best for some while, and these new issues should increase Bing's already over 200 million sales just by British sales alone.

Australian Dee Jay and Crosby collector Douglas C. Black, tells me Bing's "Join Bing and Sing Along" done well in Australia on the Mono version, and they decided to issue the Stereo version on the strength of it. Also all of Bing's Christmas records repressed up for last Christmas.

When one considers that Bing's rearest sales rival stands at 86 million copies; old timer Gene Austin, one can see the magnitude of Bings greatness.

The latest official news I have is that Bob Hope's illness could affect the filming of "Road to Hong Kong" here in June, but it appears it will not stop Bing coming here to do the Irish TV Spectacular he put off from last year.

Mr Simon Rady has notified me that he has a backlog of ideas for future Bing recordings of LPs and Albums for Project Records.

The "IOI Gang Songs" set of 2 LPs were recorded by Bing at the end of December and were released on January 18th in the U.S.A. Bing knocked out 97 of the songs in double quick time, spread over four recording session days. Some titles are "O Sole Mio", "When the Saints Go Marching in", "Big Rock Candy Mountain", "Oh, Dear, What can the matter be?", etc. Bing has not sung on four titles because he has done them for Decca, namely, "Goodbye My Love, Goodbye", "Row Row Row", "In the good old Summertime" and "School Days".

The Best to All, 'till Next Time.

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PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM DEREK PARKES TO HIS MANY BING FRIENDS.

Through the courtesy of the Crosby Post, I should like to take this opportunity to inform all my fellow Bing collectors that I have not forgotten you.

My wife's illness and other domestic difficulties have left little time to answer the many interesting letters I have received.

I am pleased to say that things are improving, and I shall make every effort to write to you all as time permits.

+++++



# ALTERNATIVE TAKES

By BOB ROBERTS

Here are a couple more alternative takes as promised in the great Christmas issue of "Crosby Post." Both items were recorded in the year 1932 and both are real "Crosby Classics".

## "SWEET GEORGIA BROWN"

Master J08592

23/ 4/ 1932

Take 'A' issued on COE DB 1881

Bing sings... "sweet Georgia Brown" ..... "I don't lie"

Take 'B' issued on Fontana TFR 6012

Bing sings... "sweet Miss Georgia" ..... "I do not lie"

## "GHOST OF A CHANCE"

Master B12474

14/ 10 /1932

Take 'A' issued on CoE DB 2030

Bings sings... "AND I'd be true....."

Take 'B' issued on Fontana TFR 6012

Bing sings.... "I'd be true"

The Fontana disc TFR 6012 mentioned above is a wonderful record, and also includes "Did you ever see a dream walking"; "How deep is the ocean?" and a terrific rendering of "St. Louis Blues".

If there is anyone who hasn't got this great Bing disc my advice is...go get it now....I believe it is still available but it deleted it is well worth searching for.

Until the next issue.....HAPPY LISTENING. BOB.

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From the DECCA RECORD COMPANY.....to JACK MANNERS.

Dear Mr Manners,

The LP "Join Bing and Sing Along" is at the moment one of our best LP's, and we are also working on another one of the same type which we hope to issue early this year.

Hope this information will be of assistance to you.

Yours Sincerely,

F. Jarman.  
for Warner Bros Records.

\*\*\*\*\*



# 10 AUCTION MART

Mr Brian Jones, 23 Plas Road, Fleur-de-Lis, Pengam, Mon. urgently requires Crosby L.P.s:

"Road to Bali" Brunswick LA8578

"Quiet Man" Brunswick LA 8584

"Crosby Classics" Col. 1036.

Mr Jones also says he has many Crosby stills, and a spare set of "Man on Fire", eight in the set, he will sell at 6/6 plus 1/3 p.p.

Mr Jack Andrews, 2 Sagan Terrace, Strickland St, Hull., would like to get copies of "My Buddy", and "Two Cigarettes". He is willing to pay your price. He would also like to pay to borrow pre-war Crosby records to tape, and will return in perfect condition. He says his equipment is first-rate.

Guest

Mr Frank Guest 5 Portland Terrace, Nairn, wishes to obtain the followings records : Bruns. c543c, c5770, 0550I, 054I9, 05486, 055II, 0545I, 050I4. PB. 8I7. COE DB 2208. He is willing to pay good prices for same.



This delightful picture of Bing with his singing sons, THE CROSBY BROTHERS was air-mailed over by Pat, and is taken from the recent TV Show which featured this great quartet.

PHILIP - BING - DENNIS - LINSAY

In the April issue of Crosby Post we shall present a great feature story from our American Correspondent Pat Sullivan titled: BING AND THE CROSBY which is a super story of Bing's annual golf tournament



THE GROANER IN THE GROOVE. by Frank

Although a number of very important releases are now available, I can only present a limited review this time. Reason being that I have not at the time of going to press recieved my review copies of the new RCA Album of "HOW THE WEST WAS WON" this set is dealt with briefly in Crosby Chatter on page 15.

Also I am awaiting the arrival of the new Bing & Satchmo L.P. from our good friend George O'Reilly and in fact am also awaiting for some news of future Crosby policy from MGM themselves as I had a letter from Mr R White who is General Sales Manager of E.M.I. and he has put me in touch with Mr Gillingham who deals with this section.  
So we come to the only L.P. I have to review in this issue.

FORTUNE 687 I27 YZL - Z 4027 "BINGS FAVOURITES" I2" L.P. price 22/6

Side one: TEMPTATION - recorded - 22/10/1933  
Just An Echo 4/11/1932  
The Last Round-up 27/9 /1933  
Did you ever see a dream 11/12/1933  
walking?  
Black Moonlight 27/8/1933

Side two: LEARN TO CROON 13/6/1933  
How deep is the ocean 14/10/1932  
Blue Prelude 13/6/1933  
Ridin around in the rain 13/3/1934  
Let's put out the lights 28/10/1932

+++++

Hers then is a rough lin-up of the new  
Bing Crosby issues for this time;

What a treat for only  
22/6 this L.P. is,  
and I can only hope  
that all our members  
take advantage of this  
great opportunity to  
add this selection of  
"suburb Crosby" to  
their collections. I  
wonder how many of us  
paid more than the  
whole price of this  
disc in order to buy  
just one of these  
classics in years gone  
by.

+++++

"HOW THE WEST WAS WON" a two album set from RCA

"TEPE" DON'T MISS BING'S GREAT CONTRIBUTION ON THIS PYE L.P.

"BING & SATCHMO" starrrring Bing and the great Louis on MGM I2" L.P.  
"BING'S FAVOURITES" I2" L.P. on Fontana's low price "FORTUNE" label.

I'm terribly sorry my review has to be so choppy this time but hope you will bear with me until April when I shall list these L.P.s correctly.

SPECIAL CROSBY SOCIETY RELEASE A I2"L.P. featuring I6 very rare items.

We cannot for obvious reasons list these titles here, but this L.P. will consist of many great deleted Bing's of the early 30s and which there seems to be little hope of ever getting from the companies, also included on the L.P. are a number of American tracks which have not been issued in this country - If you want to take a chance and add this collection to your own, then send cash to the value of 35/- direct to Frank Murphy not later than the closing date - March 1st, then allow 3 weeks approx for delivery.

Members will note that a number of regular features are missing from this issue-this has been caused by a number of master sets not being to hand as we close for press on Feb 24th - however, we shall be back as normal in April and will make this up for you then.



photo section

order from

PHOTO SECTION

The British Crosby Society  
15, Grosvenor Gardens,  
High Howdon - Wallsend,  
Northumberland.

Special set Number One; BING & KATHRYN at London Airport. A set of 11 glossy "8 X 6" photos. Price 21 single photos 2/6 each.

Special set Number Two; BING & KATHRYN sightseeing in London; A set of 12 Glossy "6 X 4" photos. Price 24/- single photos 2/6 each.

GLOSSY POSTCARDS at 1/6 each.

BING CROSBY. FRANK MURPHY. JACK MANNERS. at Claridges on Sept 1st 1960  
BING WITH ROSMARY CROONEY. LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND THE HI LO'S  
BING WITH "TEX"  
"TEX" WITH MARY FRANCES AND DENNIS'S LITTLE GIRL: DIXIE LEE.  
BING IN A CAMEO SCENE FROM "THE EMPEROR WALZE"  
BING IN A CAMEO SCENE FROM "A YANKEE AT KING ARTHURS COURT"

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Important items which have not appeared in this issue include,  
Eric Griffiths Spotlight Series, Members Section and New Members List.

FRANK WRITES Hello again members, I'm very sorry the above and other special items have not been included this time, I hold myself to blame for this and hope you will overlook my neglect this time, I shall certainly try to put things completely right next time and in fact can promise you a Bumber April issue, okay, All the best from us all till then.